

Politics of the Day

MUST BE A CHANGE.

The loss of a pair of exchange between gold and silver, and the constant tendency of a lower exchange are productive of uncertainty and loss in commercial transactions difficult to exaggerate. Prof. Foxwell says: "There are 112 pairs of exchange depending on the ratio between gold and silver. The whole of these and the trade that rests on them are left to fluctuate with every passing change in the bullion market. Every calculation of business and finance in these parts is enough to turn the fine profit of modern trade into a loss. Take one of them—the par between the rupee and the sovereign. The variation of this par in a single year has so upset the calculations of the Indian Finance Minister as to turn a surplus of £1,000,000 into a deficit of £1,000,000." The fall in silver exchange has been a constant protection to the industries of silver-using countries and a bounty on their exports. While their mints were open to silver both Japan and India profited by this process amazingly. The progress of the former country for twenty years under the silver standard was absolutely unexampled among nations, and similarly the trade and manufactures of India thrived. But hardly were the mints of India closed in 1893, and scarcely had Japan taken her initial steps toward her recent adoption of the gold standard, when each began to feel the evil effects of a constricting money supply, falling prices and the competition of the countries, like China and Mexico, whose mints remained open to silver. During the four

sale for use in the arts of about half a billion silver dollars, and the contraction of our circulation to such a quantity as should be furnished by our distributive share of the world's gold, plus such a paper circulation as the banks could keep actually redeemable in gold.

Attitude on Recent Elections.
When viewed as a whole, the 1895 election was favorable to the Democrats. While the Democrats in Congress and out of Congress forced the administration into the war they knew that it would give it a tremendous political advantage, for they knew the war must be successful, and a successful war always strengthens the party in power. The Republicans should have received much larger majorities than two years ago. Instead of that they have lost forty Congressmen and a large number of others had their majorities almost wiped out. One more such a Republican victory will destroy that party and forever end the hypocrisy and false pretense now reigning in Washington. The Democrats have not lost a single State they carried two years ago, but, on the contrary, have elected a Governor in Minnesota, which is equal to a miracle. That element of the Democratic party which has favored the abandonment of all principle and has urged harmony for the sake of spoils has had a chance to try its scheme and has utterly failed. In Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut and one or two other States where they had refused to endorse the national platform they have suffered humiliating defeat, although in some of these States the conditions fa-

TRUSTS REIGN.



And the Administration at Washington still!

years succeeding the closure of the mints India's excess of exports over imports fell off over 60 per cent, while that of Mexico increased more than 40 per cent. Japan has been compelled to witness lately a marvelous awakening in China and to feel her hated and humbled rival seizing the commercial and industrial advantages which she herself had previously enjoyed, as against the Western nations, and which the adoption of an artificially limited money accommodation has compelled her to relinquish. British capital is fleeing from India, her industries are languishing, prices are falling, the burdens of taxation are increasing, and the mutterings of popular discontent lend to the situation a political complexion of extraordinary gravity as affecting English supremacy in India, and, indirectly, the peace of the world. It is safe to describe the situation as intolerable, and to predict that the nations will not permit it to continue much longer.

Condition Intolerable.

At present the experiment of the gold standard is in a state of incompleteness. In almost no country has it yet been installed in its entirety. To go on with it to the logical conclusion of the gold valuation system is a practical impossibility, while it is equally out of the question for the world to remain in its present monetary condition. Let us examine these propositions somewhat more fully. The gold standard in its simplicity means the abolition of every other kind of money of full debt-paying power except gold alone, and the use of various forms of credit based on gold in the ordinary transactions of business. We may see an indication of this intended consummation in the various schemes of "monetary reform" recently proposed and now pending in Congress, the so-called Gage plan, that of the "Indianapolis sound-money convention," and that embodied in the McCleary bill now on the calendar of the House of Representatives, all of which share the aim so distinctly announced by the Secretary of the Treasury, to commit the country more thoroughly to the gold standard, and agree in their essential provisions. They contemplate the retirement of all forms of government paper money, our greenbacks and treasury notes, and the reduction of our standard silver dollar into a mere promise to pay in gold. The inevitable result of such a course would soon be the absolute disuse of silver for money except as small change, the melting and

vored the Democratic victory. I understand that nearly every Democratic Congressman elected in these States was unsuccessful because he told his constituents, if elected, he would support the national platform. That fraudulent sideshow called gold Democracy will now pass out of existence, and the Democratic party from the Atlantic to the Pacific will line up on higher ground. It will assume the aggressive and not only fight for the mighty principles enunciated in 1896, but it will make itself the champion of struggling humanity. It will pull this country out of the pool of corruption into which the Republicans have dragged it, and it will lead our people toward a higher civilization. Tuesday's election will make Mr. Bryan more formidable than he ever was, because it is going to bring to the front the great principles which he has advocated.—John P. Aligeld.

Changes in New York Politics.
New York can change its politics with greater facility than any other State in the Union. In electing Roosevelt by a majority of 20,000 it upset a Democratic plurality of 60,000 given a year ago in the election for Supreme Court Judge. The result in 1897 was a radical reversal of the vote in 1896, when McKinley carried the State by 268,000 majority, and that was again an overturning in the status of the vote as it stood in 1892, when the Democrats carried the State by 45,000.—Kansas City Star.

Quay Triumphs Again.
Standing under the shadow of an indictment which, if honestly prosecuted, would probably land him in the penitentiary, Matt Quay proudly points to the election returns in Pennsylvania as a personal vindication. He not only assumes that his own garments are now white as snow, but he gives voice to virtuous indignation in speaking of those who attempted to defeat "his" candidate for Governor and "his" candidates for the Legislature.

Slow-Working Peace Commissioners.
Judging from the deliberate way in which the American Peace Commissioners are acting, there may be something in the statement that the Spanish war was a Republican war. Things are not being closed up in the way in which Democrats have been in the habit of closing them. Imagine, if you can, Andrew Jackson submitting to the delay and the Spanish and European insults that are being heaped upon us.—Peoria Herald.

MARRIED BY ORDER.

How Russian Serfs Managed to Evade Their Master's Command.

Marriages by order were so common that among our servants each time a young couple foresaw that they might be ordered to marry, although they had no mutual inclination for each other, they took the precaution of standing together as godfather and godmother at the christening of a child in one of the peasant families. This rendered marriage impossible, according to Russian church law. The stratagem was usually successful, but once it ended in a drama. Andrei, the tailor, fell in love with a girl belonging to one of our neighbors. He hoped that my father would permit him to go free, as a tailor, in exchange for a certain yearly payment, and that by working hard at his trade he could manage to lay some money aside and to buy freedom for the girl. Otherwise, in marrying one of my father's serfs she would have become the serf of her husband's master. However, as Andrei and one of the maids of our household foresaw that they might be ordered to marry, they agreed to unite as godparents in the christening of a child. What they had feared happened. One day they were called to the master, and the dreaded order was given.

"We are always obedient to your will," they replied, "but a few weeks ago we acted as godfather and godmother at a christening." Andrei also explained his wishes and intentions. The result was that he was sent to the recruiting board to become a soldier.

Military service in those times was terrible. It required a man to serve twenty-five years under the colors, and the life of a soldier was hard in the extreme. * * * Blows from the sergeant and the officers, flogging with birch rods and with sticks, for the slightest fault, were the normal state of affairs. The cruelty that was displayed surpassed all imagination. * * *

Thus Andrei had now to face for twenty-five years the terrible fate of a soldier; all his schemes of happiness had come to a violent end.—Atlantic.

Shaved in Time.

The following story is commonly related as true in France. Old Harpagon was fast approaching his end. His sufferings were very great, but he comforted himself with the thought that as he could not eat there was so much saved at any rate.

"Well, doctor," he said, in a feeble voice, "how long have I yet to live?" "Only half an hour. Would you like me to send for somebody—a clergyman, for instance?"

Harpagon was silent for a few moments; he passed his hand over his chin, bristling with a grizzly beard of several days' growth, when a sudden thought struck him, and turning to the doctor he gasped, excitedly:

"Quick—send for a barber!"

The barber soon afterwards arrived with his shaving tackle.

Harpagon, whose voice was getting weaker, asked him: "You—charge—two-pence—for shaving?"

"That's the price," was the answer.

"And—how much—is it—for shaving—a corpse?"

The barber paused a moment, and then said, "Five shillings."

"Then—shave—me—quickly," stammered old Harpagon, casting a feverish glance at the watch which the doctor still held in his hand.

He was too feeble to utter another word, but the doctor understood the mute appeal, and said:

"Fifteen minutes more!"

A smile of satisfaction stole over the features of the patient. The barber set to work, and in a very short time finished his task, notwithstanding the nervous twitchings that distorted the face of the dying man. When the operation was over old Harpagon uttered a sigh of relief, and was heard to whisper:

"That's a good thing—four shillings—and a corpse—saved!" And he breathed his last.—The Times.

Photographs of Celebrities.

Many actresses and beauties make very profitable incomes out of the sales of their photographs. Few of the public have any idea of the sums paid by photographers for "sitting rights."

One actress is credited with being the first to take a photograph for the purpose of taking a fee for the privilege of taking her portrait. A photographer kept bothering her for sittings, and she at last asked and obtained 50 guineas as an honorarium. On learning this the photographer refused to sit for less than £50, and then Ada Cavenish demanded and received £300. Mary Anderson, towards the close of her career, used to receive 100 guineas a sitting, and Mrs. Cornwallis West, at the height of her popularity, had nearly half as much again. Recently a firm of Parisian photographers arranged with Sarah Bernhardt for a series of sittings at 50 guineas apiece; and for the privilege of taking the latest snapshot of Mrs. Langtry, a firm of West End photographers had to pay £500.—Glasgow Herald.

Time's Whirligig.

Active rapid and decisive—that is the text of the present age. The celebrity with which great events eventuate is illustrated by the experience of the Maine merchant skipper who left Manila in a sailing vessel for a voyage around the Cape, stopping at St. Helena. When he started there was no expectation of war; when he reached Maine the war was over. That is the way the whirligig whirls.

More Ways than One.

Dyer—Bullion lost a cool million yesterday.

Duell—Got caught in wheat?

Dyer—No. His daughter married a count.—Puck.

The lack of money is the root of most evils.

THE PEOPLE'S MONEY.

Attributes of Money.

Money must be a commodity of limited purchasing power given fluently or general purchasing power.

Those who take this view hold that general value is no gain over limited value, and so that money value is not other than commodity value.

But general use gives a larger demand, and this use is as a price-maker and not value-maker, while the limited use as a commodity cannot be considered as under the actions, powers and functions of money at all, nor can, therefore, money be in any relative way considered at or compared to commodities at all.

As a matter of fact, the commercial value of no money is known, what is so called being its exchange value or its fictitious, for money cannot be reduced to a commodity; yet there are those who think present money is so defective as a commodity standard or measure of value that other commodities should be used by the device of index numbers, thus making two inconsistent, the index numbers being based on the effect of money in action, which is not liked, and money itself put in control of things not money.

The basic error is in considering any commodity as money or as fit to be money because of intrinsic purchasing power. When any commodity is so considered it is but a step to considering the labor cost of its production as the real guide and another to taking any or all labor as a base instead of money—retrogression.

Having disposed of money as a commodity it does not follow that there is no truth in the proposition as a whole, or that paper or anything can be given fluently, something wider than currency. There is held to be only one limit to the article selected as money—it should not be able to purchase too much.

A thing not so necessary as air may have limited value. It may have value even if unnecessary. The time was when paper had limited power or demand on it, but the power of printing denominations on it was never limited. Just here it is seen that all of "a" commodity, substance, must be used, and by use of weight or other natural limit on denominations, a limit must be had before an article can be given general power or be money.

With a natural limit it is not at all essential that the material of money be of something already in use or trade, nor is the original power of the material ever relevant matter.

Natural limitation is not possible of paper, so it is not money under the proposition, lacking general power, because consent cannot safely be given to its use, and so use, the greatest part of value, cannot be a power of paper as money. As a commodity of limited power the material of money ought to satisfy few desires, while as money it should satisfy many desires and so be of more value.—J. P. Dickson.

Falling Prices.

What is it that determines the reward of labor? Supply and demand. Legislation cannot affect the supply of labor, except through immigration and child labor laws, etc. Legislation, however, can, and does, affect the demand for labor in many cases.

And bimetalists believe that the de-monetization of silver by causing falling prices has materially diminished the demand for labor that would otherwise exist.

The goldbug says to the laboring man: "Prices will rise under free coinage, and your wages will buy less than they do now."

If rising prices mean injury to the laboring man, why is every rise in prices pointed to by the gold press as a sign of returning prosperity? Did any workman ever get an advance in wages when prices in that industry were falling?

When prices are falling factories close down or run only part of the time, laboring men lose their jobs and go to swell the army of unemployed, and every man seeking a job is a menace to the employment of those who are, so to speak, on the ragged edge.

What does it profit a man out of employment to be told that prices are so low that his dollar will buy a great deal?

Moreover, the laboring man, as already pointed out, is dependent on the prosperity of the farmers, who make up the bulk of those who purchase what the workmen produce.

Japan and Gold.

The only reason that has been suggested for the change in the monetary system of Japan has been that by adopting the gold standard she could borrow money in Europe more readily. This was both absurd and untrue.

To surrender the great commercial advantages which she confessedly had for the poor return of being able to borrow money with greater facility was preposterous. It was almost idiotic. Her commercial advantages were rapidly placing her in a position to be altogether independent of borrowing.

But the mere formal adoption of the gold standard could not improve her credit, because it gave her command of no more gold. If she obtained the ownership of that metal she had to buy it, and the more prosperous she was the more she could buy.

If the establishment of the gold standard deprived her of commercial advantages, which it certainly did, that detracted from her prosperity and injured her credit instead of improving it. This is so perfectly clear that it is astonishing how any person calling himself a financier can fail to see it.

NOSTALGIA ATTACKS BOY.

War Horses Got Just as Homesick as the Soldier Boys.

"And those volunteers," remarked the man with the ponderous diamond horseshoe embedded in his bosom, "are not the only warriors that pine away and die from nostalgia. Horses are far more susceptible to the disease than men—that is, they were so in the civil war, and I don't see any reason to suppose that their temperaments have changed since then.

"Of course, when a poor, four-legged brute, with no shoulder straps, comes down with nostalgia the doctors don't dignify it with such a dude diagnosis. They simply report that such and such horses in such and such a troop are 'off their feed,' and let it go at that. But it is precisely the same thing, the disorder develops in precisely the same manner and the equine victims of it manifest identically the same symptoms, and, what is more, the chances of their dying from it are infinitely greater than are those of a soldier, simply because it is impossible to bolster up their courage by telling them they are going home soon. That is the only medicine that will keep the disease in check, and, of course, you can't administer it to a horse unless you speak its language.

"And when you come to think about it," the man with the ponderous diamond horseshoe continued, "the prevalence of the disease among army horses is the most reasonable thing in the world. As is the case with the volunteers, a great majority of the war horses come from the country. They were bred and raised in the country, and until they were drafted into the service they spent all their days in the restful quiet of the farm. The government prefers to buy country horses both for political reasons and because the animals are more likely to be free from the pavement soreness and other disorders which afflict city horses. It also has its buyers select animals pretty well along in years—anywhere from five to nine years old.

"When these rustic beasts are torn suddenly from their rural homes and plunged into the bustle and confusion of camp life it affects them just as it does their masters who have enlisted. Most natural thing in the world it should, because both have been brought up the same way. You take a city bred man or a city bred horse, and they would go through a thirty-year war with never a touch of nostalgia.

"Loss of appetite is the first symptom of equine homesickness. Horses that at home were the most hearty feeders become dainty and particular, and refuse to look at anything offered to them. Then they become restless and nervous, pound their feet to pieces, if you don't watch them, and from sweet-tempered, honest workers they become ornery and sulky rogues, unfit for everything. It doesn't take long to kill them off—less time than it does to 'do for' a soldier. Two weeks will fix them generally. Working without nourishment is as disastrous as fighting on an empty stomach, and the beasts soon contract a cold or a fever, and either die or are killed.

"Out of a consignment of 200 horses sent to the army corps with which I was stationed in Tennessee, more than one-third of them became absolutely useless from sheer homesickness in less than a month. Twenty or thirty died and the rest we disposed of as best we could.

"Another circumstance which produces equine nostalgia among army horses is the fact that a great majority of them have been separated from a mate, with whom they have been accustomed to work for years. The moment they realize their partner is missing they go into the most abject mourning, and refuse to be reconciled. Time and time again I have seen horses literally grieve themselves to death in an army camp because their farmmate was separated from them.

"There may be such a thing as male nostalgia, but I never saw any army mule that did not have sand enough to keep it to himself."—New York Press.

Too Modest to Rise.

Modesty is a great bar to success. The Duc d'Annamale was a prince of the house of Orleans, enormously wealthy and so popular in his youth that it was thought that he could easily play the role of Louis Napoleon and secure his own election as President or Stadtholder of France. But he died in the position to which he was born. The English writer who tells the story was standing near the door at a state ball when the duke entered.

"Announce me," he said to the servant, "as General le Duc d'Annamale." The man stepped forward, but the duke stopped him. "No, as le Duc d'Annamale, simply," he corrected. Before the servant could open his mouth the duke interrupted him again anxiously. "Announce me as His Royal Highness the Duc d'Annamale." But again he stopped him. "I will not be announced at all," and passed into the room in silence.

"Then," said the writer, "I understood why he never had been king or stadtholder of France."

Prefers Something Else.

Visitor—Why do they call Col. Swallow "Old Hoss?"

Native—Because they can lead him to water, but they can't make him drink it.—Puck.

How It Happened.

Mrs. Wackm—How did that naughty boy of yours hurt himself?
Mrs. Snapper—That good little boy of yours hit him on the head with a brick.—Ally Sloper.

We suppose the hardest task in the world would be to persuade a real worthless man to join a suicide club.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

The report of the surgeon general of the navy shows that on the thirty-one vessels of the North Atlantic squadron commanded by Admiral Sampson there were only twelve deaths out of a total of 5,516 men, which was at the rate of 2.17 per 1,000, and only three of the twelve died from disease—one from pneumonia, one from consumption and one from wounds. Three were killed or died from wounds and six were drowned. In Admiral Dewey's squadron of eighteen vessels and 2,261 men there were only six deaths, at the rate of 2.65 per 1,000—one from cholera morbus, one from appendicitis, one from drowning, one from suicide, one from alcoholic poison and one from wounds. This is the most remarkable record that was ever known in any navy in the world.

Within a radius of two squares, just to the east of the treasury, lies the great news-heart of our republic. The center of this is the historic old "newspaper row," a dingy row of low buildings. At one time nearly all the important newspapers of the country had their offices there. In later days many have moved into more modern offices in neighboring buildings, but still within the circle. Here are busy brains and bright; so many mind-mills into which as into hoppers are poured day and night all the notable occurrences of government, prophecies of policies, politics and a perfect hodgepodge of small talk, and gossip, to be ground up into a blend flour fit for any and all palates, under the brand: "From our special correspondent at Washington."

The dome of the Capitol is probably one of the most fascinating things in Washington after one has come under its influence. It looks so simple at first—so small after one's ideas gleaned perhaps from pictures in the geography, that it is a while before its grandeur takes effect, but after that point has once been reached, it is only a question of time when you will become thoroughly and completely hypnotized. The dome is no respecter of persons, either; it takes artist and layman alike. It makes the artist think that it is easy to draw. But of all the things hideously misdrawn after the human form, none is more often than the Capitol dome.

No one will be surprised if Spain repudiates the Cuban and Philippine debts. It is a way she has of getting rid of embarrassing obligations. She has repudiated twice before, but she will harm nobody so much as her own people. Nearly all the Spanish bonds are held by Spaniards. The Bank of Spain alone, which is a Government institution, has at least \$150,000,000. There is perhaps \$150,000,000 held abroad, mostly in France, where they have been worked off among the peasants by unscrupulous stock brokers. No financier in Europe has bought Spanish bonds for an investment since the last repudiation.

President McKinley was the central figure in a picturesque scene at the White House the other day, when a delegation of Ute chiefs called to pay their respects to the "Great Father." They were led by Tim Johnson, an old-time brave, who had picked up somewhere the uniform coat of a captain of infantry, and he was so proud of this bit of finery that it interfered seriously with the dignity of the reception. He was accompanied by Saucy-A-Knock-It, David Copperfield, Hapay Jack and Charlie Mack. They all shook hands solemnly with the President.

NOT A MAN ESCAPES.

Employees of a Missouri Powder Mill Killed in an Explosion.

Ten thousand pounds of powder, which was being prepared for shipment in the packing house of the Hercules powder mill at Lamoine, Mo., situated on the St. Louis, Keokuk and Northern Railway, thirty miles south of Quincy, Ill., exploded at 8 o'clock Wednesday morning, tearing into shreds the bodies of six men, who were at work in the building at the time. Pieces of flesh and bone were found scattered over the ground a half-mile from the scene of the explosion. These were gathered up in buckets by the employees of the mill, but identification of any of the parts found was an utter impossibility. Several men working in the mill, which was some little distance from the packing house, were injured by broken glass and flying debris, but none was fatally injured.

The cause of the explosion will never be known; no eye-witness is left to tell the tale. There was always some loose powder on the floor of the packing room, and it is conjectured that some heavy article was accidentally dropped into it by one of the men, causing it to ignite.

THANKSGIVING AT SANTIAGO.

Outdoor Games Are Postponed Because of Heat.

Thanksgiving day was observed at Santiago de Cuba for the first time in the 300 years' history of the city. By a proclamation issued by Gen. Wood, all business was suspended at the palace, on the streets and wharves. The employees of the municipality had a vacation, and only necessary work was done by the American troops.

It was a novel Thanksgiving day for the Americans. The thermometers registered 95 in the shade. Several projected baseball and football games were postponed on account of the heat. In the evening dinners and entertainments were given by American officers and Cubans.

MADE FORTUNE IN KLONDIKE.

New-Yorker Makes His Stake at Dawson City.

Frank E. Simons has arrived in New York after a year in the Klondike, with \$140,000 in gold dust and a total fortune of about half a million. He arrived on the gold fields penniless. He reached Dawson City ahead of the rush. In addition to prospecting, he bought a lot at Dawson City and built a two-story hotel. He claims on the opening day and evening to have taken in \$15,000. The daily receipts thereafter averaged \$2,000.